

EVANSVILLE JOURNAL.

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FOR PRESIDENT. ZACHARY TAYLOR.

WHIG ELECTORAL TICKET.

SENATORIAL ELECTORS.
JOSEPH G. MARSHALL, of Jefferson.
GODLOVE S. ORTH, of Tippecanoe.

DISTRICT ELECTORS.
1st Dist.—JOHN PITCHER, of Posey.
2d " JOHN S. DAVIS, of Floyd.
3d " MILTON GREGG, of Dearborn.
4th " DAVID P. HOLLOWAY, of Wayne.
5th " THOMAS D. WALPOLE, of Hancock.
6th " EDWARD W. ROUSSEAU, of Greene.
7th " LOVELL H. MCGUAGHEY, of Park.
8th " JAMES F. SUTT, of Clinton.
9th " DANIEL D. PRATT, of Cass.
10th " DAVID KILGORE, of Delaware.

CITY OF EVANSVILLE:

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 19.

Those who have been sanguine that peace would result from the treaty made by Mr. Trist, we fear to be greatly disappointed. Every information received from Mexico, convinces us that there will be no peace. A correspondent of the N. O. Picayune, writing from Orizaba under date of the 24th ult. says: "Peace stock is very low, and it is to be feared it will be much lower in a few days. I think the guerrillas are again organizing. The armistice is more to be regretted the longer it lasts. The authorities presume upon it very much—even asking rent for the quarters our troops occupy."

Mob Rockets.—It is stated in some of the English papers, that the greatest activity is manifested in the departments at Woolwich, in preparing rockets of a peculiar description, suitable to street warfare. An exchange says that these destructive missiles, when thrown amongst a mass of persons in confined places, are certain to produce the most frightful results. We understand that they are being prepared to meet the outbreak in Ireland, and a great quantity that are completed, will be shipped off for that country immediately; the same specimen of rocket was used with fearful effect in the recent Carlist contest in Spain.

UNION MAGAZINE.—We were wrong the other day in supposing the obliging Publisher of this popular and valuable monthly had forgotten us. The number for May has been received, and a beautiful one it is, equal to any that have preceded it. The names of contributors to this number present an array of talent that cannot be surpassed in the Union, and who, in connection with the gifted editors, are fast winning a reputation for the work that will be the envy of older but less deserving magazines. We again commend the Union Magazine to the public, as every way worthy of an immense patronage.

There is good reason to believe that there was an understanding among certain leading men in high station, that Gen. Scott was to be sacrificed, for the benefit firstly of the party, and secondly for that of the immortal Gideon Pillow, the particular friend and protégé of James K. Polk. But Pillow had not sense enough to keep within bounds, and, by over-acting his part, ruined the plot. The mission of Trist was probably a part of the scheme, but when he found out Pillow's true character, had wit enough to keep clear of him.

A VOICE FROM POLAND.—The New York papers publish, from the Polish committee, an eloquent appeal for aid to their poorer countrymen, now in this country, who desire to return and assist in freeing their native land from tyranny and despotism. It is proposed to form an American committee in New York City, to receive donations for this object.

The New Albany Bulletin of Tuesday, says:

A most destructive fire—the largest ever occurring in New Albany, took place last night about 10 o'clock. The oil mill of Messrs. Webb & Cox, valued at \$5000, insurance \$3000; the large and extensive steam Flouring Mill of Messrs. Austin & McDonald, valued at \$7000, insurance \$4000; and a two-story frame dwelling, belonging to Henry Turner, valued at 7 or \$800, were all destroyed. We will give the particulars to-morrow."

MILITARY CONFIRMATION.—We copy the following from the last number of the Baltimore Sun:

WASHINGTON, May 11, 9 P. M.
I learn that the Senate has confirmed this evening the nominations of Generals Twiggs and Wool as Major Generals; Colonel Churchill, as Brigadier General; Captains Washington and Bragg, (9th artillery,) as Lieut. Colonels; and Major Thomas, (Acting Adjutant General,) as Lieut. Colonel.

The editor of the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press, perpetrates the following at the close of a paragraph, touching the merits of the immortal General Bombastes Pilgrimage:

We hang our heads upon the willow
When we think on Olden's Pillow.
The man that digs for Gold and Marcy,
His death and breast-work ticks VANCE.

THE REMARKABLE PROPHECY OF NAPOLEON.

The following is a suppressed passage from both French and English editions of Count Las Cases' Journal:—

"Before the sun shall have revolved many periods round its orbit," said the emperor to me one day, as we stood viewing the sea from a rock which overhung the road "the whole European system will be changed. Revolution will succeed revolution, until every nation becomes acquainted with its individual rights.—Depend upon it, the people of England will not long submit to be governed by these bands of petty sovereigns—these aristocratic cabinets. I was wrong in re-establishing the order of nobles in France; but I did it to give splendor to the throne, and refinement to the manners of the people, who were fast sinking into barbarism since the revolution. The remains of the feudal system will vanish before the sun of knowledge. The people have only to know that all power emanates from themselves in order to assert their rights to a share in their respective governments. This will be the case, even with the bores of Russia—yes, Las Cases, you may live to see the time, but I shall be cold in my grave when that colossal, but ill-cemented empire will be split into as many sovereignties as there are republics—as there are hordes of tribes which compose it."

[After a few more reflections on the future prospects of Europe, his majesty thus continued:]—

"Never was a web more artfully woven over a nation than that horrible debt which envelops the people of England. It has been the means of enriching the aristocracy beyond all former example in any country; whilst it has, at the same time, ensured as many fast and powerful friends to the government, as they are individuals who receive interest for that money so extravagantly squandered to crush liberty in other countries. But even that must have an end—some accidental spark will ignite the combustible mass, and blow the whole system to atoms. If this mighty debt were due to foreigners, these cunning islanders would not bear the burden an hour; but would, on some pretext or other, break with their creditors, and laugh at their credulity—but they owe the money to individuals among themselves, and are therefore likely to enjoy the pleasure of paying the interest for generations to come. France, too, has got a debt—these Bourbons think to maintain themselves on my throne, by borrowing largely of the present generation, in order to lay heavy taxes on the next and all future ones. But I know the French people too well to suppose that such a system can be long tolerated. I know that they have too much natural affection for their offspring to entail upon them a national debt like that of England, however artfully incurred. No, no—my subjects are too sharp-sighted to allow the property accumulated for their children to be mortgaged to pay the Russians and English for invading them, and for the restoration of the *droit de seigneurie*, who now insult them. They will, after a time, make comparisons between them and me—they will, recollect that the expenses of my government were defrayed by imposts during the year—that my wars cost France nothing, that I left her not one Napoleon in debt—but that I enriched every corner of her territory. Such comparisons will not be favorable to the Bourbons—the French will cast them off their shoulders, as my Arabian horse would a stranger who should dare to mount him.—Then if my son be in existence, he will be seated on the throne, amidst the acclamations of the people—if he be not, France will go back to a Republic, for no other hand will dare to seize a sceptre which it cannot wield. The Orleans branch, though amiable, are too weak have too much of the imbecility of the other Bourbons, and will share the same fate, if they do not choose to live as simple citizens, under whatever change takes place!"

[Here the Emperor paused a few moments, then waving his hand, he exclaimed, in an animated tone, his dark eyes beaming with the enthusiasm of inspiration:]—

France once more a republic, other countries will follow her example—Germans, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes and Russians, will all join in the crusade of liberty. They will arm against their sovereigns, who will be glad to make concession of some of their rights in order to preserve a minor authority over them as subjects. They will grant them representative chambers, and style themselves constitutional kings, possessing a limited power.—Thus, the feudal system will receive the death-blow—like the thick mist on that ocean, it will dissipate at the first appearance of the sun of liberty. But things will not end there. The wheel of revolution will not stand still at this point—the impetus will be increased to a ten-fold ratio, and the motion will be accelerated in proportion. When a people recover a part of their rights as men, they become elated with the victory they have achieved; and having tasted the sweets of freedom, they become clamorous for a larger portion. Thus in a continual state of turmoil and ferment—perhaps for some years—like the earth, heaving in all directions previous to the occurrence of an earthquake, at length the combustible matter will have vent—a tremendous explosion will take place. The lava of England's bankruptcy will overspread the European world, overwhelming kings and aristocracies, but cementing the democratic interests as it flows. Trust me, Las Cases, that as from the vines planted in the soil which encrusts the sides of Etna and Vesuvius, the most delicious wine is obtained, so shall this lava of which I speak, prove to be the only soil in which the tree of liberty shall take firm and permanent root. May it flourish for ages!—You, perhaps, consider these sentiments strange—unusual; they are mine, however. I was a republican; but fate and the opposition of Europe, made me an emperor. I am now a spectator of the future."

SENATOR BORLAND.—The late Major—from Arkansas, has published an address to the people of his State, announcing himself as a candidate for election by the Legislature to the seat in the United States Senate which he now holds by appointment from the Governor. In this address he promises to give his attention to the claims of the volunteers and to a constitutional system of internal improvements. The address is very severe on a portion of the democracy, which it charges with a fondness for the "spoils" without having the courage to fight the battles to secure the "victories," and it thus concludes in reference to them:—

"As a man, I respect and love my fellows. As a Democrat, I bow to the people. But I am so isolated, so pay homage at the shrine of any individual, and least of all, those painted puppets of office, in whose fabrications I have borne a part—perhaps too great a part."

From the North American.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE TAX.

One of the very curious and inconsistent features of American legislation is exhibited in the disposition to maintain high rates of postage on newspapers passing through the United States mails,—and to tax to the utmost, and by taxation diminish as far as possible the spread of public intelligence.

It were superfluous to say that the Americans are a reading people; but this expression means that they are a newspaper-reading people. Newspapers are, indeed, in a great measure, the books of the United States; in which all classes seek and find, prepared for them at the lowest cost, instruction and information of every character—as it regards public affairs and the interests of private business—adapted to the general wants of a practical and self-governing people.

Such vehicles of intelligence ought to be supplied to the people of the United States freely and cheaply; no difficulty or discouragement should be interposed from any quarter: every effort should be made by individuals and by government to open the whole land to the circulation of the press, and to fill every cabin with the daily or weekly sheets of what may be properly called the Freeman's Library. Individuals have done, and are daily doing, their part in this matter—the newspaper publishers are not wanting in duty: they furnish to the public of the United States the cheapest, and, we may say, the best newspapers in the world; end nothing is wanting but a co-operative spirit in the National Legislature, a willingness to adopt a proper system of mail transportation, by which journals can be carried as cheaply as letters, to remove the only obstacles to circulation which now exist as a burden and a fetter upon the freedom of the press.—Unfortunately, the National Legislature has not yet shown any such spirit, or willingness to co-operate in the cause of public intelligence. England has made the great advance of transporting newspapers in the mails without charge: in the United States it is still the system to make them a principal source of the Post Office revenue,—to tax them, to encumber them, indeed, with an impost which, considered in reference to the *ad valorem* principle, might be pronounced more oppressive than the weightiest custom duties imposed on the products of foreign capital and industry.

It does not need any figures to prove the inequality between the subscription price and the postage of newspapers. The latter, to country readers, residing, say, at a distance of one hundred miles, constitutes a tax, which, in the case of the large daily papers, amounts to about 40 per cent., in that of the penny papers 100 per cent., on the subscription price—an immense charge to be made for the simple service of carrying, as compared with the low sum which is to remunerate the journalist for the varied labors and expenses of publishing a newspaper, in a business involving a considerable capital and the employment of many hands.

If postage must continue to be charged on newspapers in the United States, the rates ought to be reduced to the lowest possible scale: justice and sound policy,—the interest of the citizen and the department—equally require it. It is certain that, on the principal mail routes, and in the vicinity of the large cities, newspapers might be carried—and carried with profit to the transporter—at even passenger rates,—that is, at a price corresponding with the ordinary fare for travellers by the usual modes of conveyance by steamboat, railroad and post coach. The average charge for transporting a traveller and his baggage (together about 200 lbs.) is considerably under, but we will take it at—five cents per mile; or \$5 per 100 miles—equal to \$2 50 per 100 lbs. per 100 miles. At such rates, the transportation of newspapers would prove highly profitable, and would be tempted by high rates to enter into a competition with the department, which can only be injurious to the latter. At such passenger rates,—not to trouble the reader with minute calculations,—we find that a subscriber to the North American residing at a distance of 100 miles, would have to pay for the delivery of his paper only about 80 cents a year; whereas, the Post Office charges, under the present arrangement, amount to no less than \$3 10 a year, or nearly four times as much.

One little fact will give the reader a lively idea of the extent and oppressiveness of the post-office tax in the transportation of newspapers. The weekly newspapers sustain a postage charge of 52 cents per copy per year—although the average net price to the publisher is only about 75 to 80 cents. There are, we understand, about 200,000 copies of such papers mailed every week in Philadelphia, the postage on which, supposing they went only 100 miles, would be \$1000 a week, or \$164,000 a year; whereas, if carried by weight at the above rates, for the above distance, the postage would be only \$415 a week, or \$21,500 a year. The whole annual value of the weeklies to the publishers is about \$160,000; upon which the Government, not only modestly and generously it may be thought, imposes a mail tax of \$104,000. Truly, the Government comes in for the lion's share of the profits, and greatly to the damage and wrong of the reader.

In fact, the existing high rates of postage have already had the effect to divert from the public mails a great deal of business, on those very routes where business is, or ought to be, most profitable. Immense packages of periodicals, and to a certain extent even of newspapers, are transported by private carriers; and so much revenue is, in consequence, lost to the department. This is an evil which can only be abated by Congress adopting a system of low rates, under which there will be no inducement left to the publishers to send, or subscribers to receive, their journals through any other conveyance than that of the United States mails.

We designed, but have not space, to comment on the provisions of the new bill recently reported to the House by the Post Office Committee. It appears to be framed on much more liberal principles than any similar bill which has yet been before Congress—but it might be made still more liberal, without injury to the public or the Post Office revenue.

Amongst the various plans adopted in the neighborhood of Sunderland to enable parties to emigrate to America; is one of novel character, that of several hundred persons joining in a sweep of 1s, each, the person drawing the prize ticket to take the whole of the money.

A Mr. "My father is richer than yours," said a boy to his companion the other day.—"How do you know," was the reply. "Because my father says that your father pays for every thing which he buys, while my father pays nobody, but keeps his money to shave notes with."

Some writer has said, that the fondness of the French people for dancing is to be explained and accounted for by the fact that they cut frogs.

THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.—Under this head we find the following speculations in the N. O. Delta of the 13th inst.

"The last news from Queretaro, up to the 25th April, again sends the peace stock down. The unanimous opinion of all the officers who have lately come from Mexico, was that the treaty would be ratified, and peace was certain. Mr. Trist said that he saw no one who was opposed to it, which is probable, as the opponents of Mr. Trist's treaty were not likely to manifest their feelings to him. Mustang has always been sanguine of a speedy ratification of the treaty, and so was Peoples, of the Star, until lately, when both these intelligent and sagacious observers have indicated some doubts and apprehensions on the subject.

"The Mexicans are a strange people, and their government is a queer government. The rules and motives which sway and control the actions of other people, and the circumstances which influence the government of other countries, are unsafe premises from which to draw conclusions in reference to the conduct of the Mexicans. They are a peculiar people, who defy all the ordinary principles of human conduct, and put at fault the sagacity of the most profound philosophers and observers. Hence the uncertainty of their political affairs—hence the utter folly of predicting to-day what will occur in Mexico to-morrow. Though we have ever been distrustful of appearances in that country, and have had faint hopes of a speedy conclusion of hostilities, we lately yielded to the many concurring proofs in favor of the probability of an early ratification of the treaty. The retray of Santa Anna, the support of the government at Queretaro by all the States, the pacific influences of the armistice, and the failure of Paredes, were all most favorable indications of an approaching peace. The French Revolution was not without its happy effects on the peace prospects. That event prostrated the monarchical party in Mexico, which had some strength, independent of Paredes, who, personally, has but little influence. The foreigners, Spaniards and others, forming a body, not large in numbers, but possessing considerable resources and influence, embraced with ardor the project of introducing a foreign prince into Mexico. But this idea never met with the slightest favor from the native Mexicans, who are as bitter against royalty as we are in this country. The Puros, or radicals, regarded this intrigue with the most passionate jealousy and hostility. They naturally exaggerated its extent, and dwelt upon its horrors to such a degree, that it inflamed their minds to fever heat. Prompted by this strong apprehension, they have heretofore opposed a peace with the United States; thinking that the retray of our army would leave Mexico in so poor and defenceless a state, that she would become an easy prey to the monarchists. They preferred the temporary and mild government of our martial law, to the chances of the permanent and oppressive domination of a foreign prince. Being admirers of our institutions, they hoped too, to bring about a more intimate intercourse between the two Republics, and the adoption into the Mexican Government of some of those elements of strength which characterize our Constitution. But the French Revolution, it would seem, has swept away all the pretences and grounds for these apprehensions and fears in regard to Monarchists. With Louis Philippe fell the Mexican Monarchy, with many other scheme for the extension of monarchical principles and influence.—All the power and energies of Europe will be taxed to preserve her present kingly systems, without leaving to any of her States the means or the desire to propagate monarchism to distant foreign lands. The utter demolition, then, of this whole Mexican intrigue, set on foot by Louis Philippe, Queen Christina, and Paredes, leaves the Puros with but slight, if any argument, against the ratification of the treaty with the United States. In the present temper of the world, with the headway with which the ultra-Democracy seems to have gained in every quarter of the globe, the Puros might safely calculate upon the ascendancy in the future political contests of Mexico. They would therefore have strong motives for peace. Their accession to the peace party would place the ratification of the treaty beyond all doubt. But they still hold out against peace. The most prominent of them, Gomez Farias, and others, stand aloof from public affairs, whilst Rejon, an able and astute man, as ex-Minister Shannon perhaps remembers, and Almonte, are openly and strongly opposed to the treaty.

The old cry, "no quorum," still reaches us from Queretaro. As fast as new members come to fill the vacancies, new vacancies are caused by departures. Pena y Pena's work of organizing his Congress, is very much like the punishment to which the daughters of Danaus were condemned. They were required to fill with water a vessel, whose bottom was all full of holes, so that the water ran out as soon as poured into it. "Thus," saith the poet, "their labor was infinite, and their punishment eternal."

The word blouse, which frequently occurs in the French news, signifies "a short blue frock," the common dress worn by men and boys. The word is used to designate the laboring classes of Paris.

Lazy rich girls make rich men poor, while industrious poor girls make poor men rich.—Remember this, ye affected fair ones, whose antipathy to putting your hands into cold water is always getting your husband's into hot.

A down east editor, speaking of the wonderful virtues of a wonderful hair oil, says a few drops put upon kittens makes hares of them immediately.

The following bold prediction is from an article in the N. Y. Evening Post, touching upon the recent foreign news. We presume it to be from the pen of Mr. Bryant:

The principle of the sovereignty of the people, which is the corner stone of the French revolution, is destined to triumph in every quarter of Europe. England, Russia and Turkey, in acknowledging the French Republic, have admitted the truth of this principle. It will yet reduce every crowned head in Europe and the aristocracy that sustain a throne, to a level with the humblest citizen. The sovereignty of the people and the sovereignty of a king by hereditary descent can never exist together.

We fear not to predict the entire abolition of monarchical government in Europe, and the exaltation of the people that sovereignty which is their birthright. We hope the day is at hand when mankind will believe what the deity told the inhabitants of Palestine centuries ago—that a king in his best estate was a curse.

THEORY OF POPULATION.—A recent English writer on this subject has brought forward facts and reasonings that have been entirely overlooked by writers on political economy, and which will forcibly strike every thinking mind. He assumes that if any species, animal or vegetable, receives an immoderate supply of nutriment, or becomes plethoric, it does not produce itself but sparingly, if at all—that if very moderate aliment be administered, they become prolific and reproduce themselves.

He says: "It is a familiar and well known fact that over stimulation, by an excess of manure, causes most of the grains to fail in producing seed, and to cause the single flowering plants to become double, by a transformation of stamens into petals, in which case they are always seedless. It is exceedingly rare that you can find poor, healthy and laborious parents without an excess of offspring; indeed, 'children, the poor man's blessing,' has become an adage. Look into the by-ways and alleys of towns and cities, and into the mansions of the wealthy and high livers, and the indications of this theory are visible.

"On this assumption the decrease of the Peersage and Baronetage of England is at once accounted for. How often it occurs that the large estates of the oldest families become extinct in the direct line, and some discarded offspring, perhaps once a poor emigrant to this country, succeeds to the honors and hoarded millions of an ancient and time-honored name.

The Quaker families are found to be diminishing in numbers. They are almost exclusively, from their peculiar tenets, that enforce prudence, industry and economy, either wealthy or above want—and consequently never find it necessary to buffet the storms of poverty and adversity, and from the necessity of intermarriage among themselves, increase the influence of non-productiveness.

Look at poor, famished, starving Ireland, evidently the most prolific country on the globe; their immense emigration, disease and starvation, does not keep pace with the births. The same reasoning applies to the blacks at the South; the whole navy of the United States could not remove and colonize them as fast as they increase. China is overstocked with population, merely from the want of food, or from their inability to procure a rich and generous diet, or even plenty of any kind.

"The whole animal creation is subject to the same laws. Every farmer knows that a pampered, high fed and fat animal, which requires no exercise to procure its daily food, is not in a fit state to produce its kind; in fact it is barren. These facts all go to prove that constant labor, and a stinting of nutritious food, even to a state bordering on destitution are favorable to the reproduction of all organized beings; and the opposite state, of high and generous living, where the pallid appetite is provoked with the most pungent provocatives, or any state approaching to it, is unfavorable, and often unfavorable to that desire of offspring that is inherent in every human breast."

It is very easy to make out a very strong case from a few facts—a case apparently impregnable to overthrow. But let an array of facts be presented on the other side, and the fabrics become apparently founded upon sand. This is our opinion in relation to the above theory. The Highlands of Scotland are poor to a proverb, both in the comforts of life and in the reproduction of the species. Does the half starved Equinox increase rapidly, or the miserably fed Russian serfs? Nay do we not all know that as the mass of the people in any land are comfortably fed and clothed, so in proportion is life prolonged, aye, and life increased too.

There are three great events in life—birth, marriage and death. None know how they are born, few know how they die, and an individual who can account for the intermediate phenomenon is a rarity.

Amongst the things which the Germans have conquered by the revolution, is the right of smoking in the streets, and is as much prized as any political privilege in prospect.

AMERICAN RURAL LIFE.—Many thousand farmers in New England and other States rear large families, pay all their debts and taxes promptly, live independently, well clothed and comfortably housed and provided for, and lay up money, on farms of fifty acres. With them there is a place for everything, and everything in its place. Their horses and cattle, tools and implements are attended to with clock like regularity. Nothing is put off till to-morrow, that can be done to-day. Economy is wealth, and system affords ease. These men are seldom in a hurry, except in harvest time. And in long winter evenings, or severe weather, which forbids employment out doors, one makes corn-brooms, another shoes, a third is a carpenter, cooper, or tailor; and one woman spins, another weaves and another braids "Palm leaf hats." And the families thus occupied are among the most healthy and cheerful in the world.

A rural life is not only the most happy and virtuous, but the most comfortable. Rural villages combining all necessary manufacturing employments, is the very soul of our Republic. A machine compact, cheap and simple for spinning in a family to equal the throstle or mule, and a loom for weaving like Clausen's in every farm house, would soon make an end to large cities. What does the most wealthy man get for all his riches but food and clothing, and could clothing be made by some cheap and simple machine in every family, what great resources would every farmer of fifty acres possess within his own household.

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

The following beautiful story is literally true, and was first published in a lecture delivered by WILLIAM TRACY, Esq., of Utica, on the early history of Onondaga County. It has been altered by somebody, but we have not at hand the means of correcting the alterations, nor are they sufficiently important to greatly mar the beauty of the incident, as gracefully related by Mr. Tracy—whose fine pen, we would take this occasion to say, is a reproach to him that he has suffered to lie idle so long.

One of the first settlers in Western New York, was Judge W.—who established himself at Whitestown—about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child—a fine boy about four years old. You will recollect, the country around was in broken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes:

Judge W.—saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for, as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings, and to secure their good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him: an aged chief of the Onondaga tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of a dozen miles, had not been to see him, nor could he ascertain the views and feelings of the sachem in regard to his settlement in that region. At last he sent him a message, and the answer was that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the sachem came; Judge W.—received him with marked respect and introduced his wife, his daughter and little boy. The interview that followed was interesting. Upon its result the Judge was convinced his security might depend, and he was exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed his desire to settle in the country, and to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians, and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said,—"Brother you ask much and you promise much. What pledge can you give of your faith? The white man's word is good to the white man, ye; it is wind when spoken to the Indian."

"I have put my life in your hands," said the Judge, "is not that an evidence of my good intentions? I have placed confidence in the Indian and will not believe that he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief; "the Indian will repay confidence with confidence, if you will trust, he will trust you."

"Let this boy go with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days with my answer."

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother she could not have felt a deeper pang than when went to her heart, as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward, and running to the boy, who stood at the side of the sachem, looking into his face with pained wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and pressing him to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W.—He knew that the success of their enterprise, the lives of his family, depended on the decision of a moment.

"Stay, stay, my daughter," he said. "Bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is no more to you than to me. I would not risk a hair of his head. But, my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him! He will be safe in the sachem's wigwam, as beneath our own roof."

The agonized mother hesitated for a moment; she then slowly returned, and placing the boy on the knee of the Chief, and kneeling at his feet, burst into a flood of tears.—"The gloom passed from the sachem's brow, but he said not a word, he arose and departed."

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep, seeming to hear the screams of the child calling upon his mother for help. But the time wore slowly away—and the third day came.—How slowly did the hours pass. The morning dawned away, noon arrived; yet the sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. Judge W.—walked the floor to and fro, going to the door every few minutes, and looking through the opening in the forest toward the sachem's abode.

At last the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around, the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly—and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, an eagle feather was stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honors that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. "I was a happy mother—too happy for me to describe." "The white man has conquered!" said the sachem; "thereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian, he will repay you with confidence and friendship."

He was as good as his word; and Judge W.—lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

A French paper says, that one of the numerous solicitors for place has just sent an application to the Minister of Marine, whom he addresses as "Your Republican Highness."

W. M. HOLDEN, Tailor, Main street, over James Scandia & Son's Store door. ap 241.